

"A" STUDENT

she was in her forties but also in freshman comp because some clerk or machine had lost her records, forcing her to repeat the course.

she labored 7-10 hrs over one-page essays, turned out prose as polished as a george sanders quip. so at mid-semester i told her she had completed the course with the grade of A. she didn't understand:

"I'll still have to come to class, though?"

"No."

"But what about the in-class themes?"

"You don't have to write them."

"Shouldn't I still practice?"

"If you like."

"If I write more essays, will you read them?"

"Yes. But maybe I should say 'no'

so you won't feel obligated."

"I'd like you to read them if I wrote them."

"I will, but you don't have to.

Why not spend the time writing letters to friends, or on your other courses?"

"Shouldn't I come back

at the end of the semester?"

"That's not necessary."

"You might not remember me."

"Your name is on the roll sheet.

I have to give you a grade. I'll remember."

time ran out long before her confusion, and i felt i had somehow committed an act of cruelty. i hope nothing dire befalls her on a tuesday or a thursday between 12:30-2 from now til the end of the semester. i'd have to revoke my policy.

COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY

OK, we've all felt the first raindrop, but who has ever seen the last one? there it is. that's it. all over. put the top down, george.